

# ALBIONS

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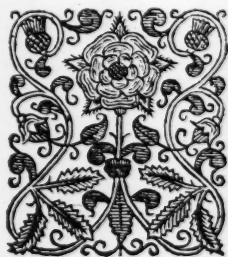
## TRIVMPH.

PERSONATED IN A  
Maske at Court.

*By the Kings Maiestie and  
his Lords.*

The Sunday after Twelfe  
Night. 1631.

*Bridgewater*



*ex dono Antho:  
Townsend*

LONDON,

Printed by Aug: Mathewes for Robert Allet at the Blacke  
Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1631.

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# ALBIONS TRIUMPH.

**T**He King and Queenes Maiesty having signified their pleasure to haue a new Maske this New yeare, Master *Inigo Iones* and I were employed in the Invention And we agreed the subiect of it should be a Triumphe in *ALBIPOLIS* the chiefe City of *ALBION*. The Triumphe, *ALBANACTVS*, And *ALBA* this Ilands Goddesse. Names not improper, eyther for the Place, or for the Persons: *ALBION* being (as it once was) taken for *England*; *ALBANACTVS*, for the King; *Quasi in Albania natus*: Borne in *Scotland*. And *ALBA*, for the Queene whose native Beauties have a great affinity with all Purity and Whitenesse. The Kings

devoting himselfe to this Goddesse, is but the seeking of that happy Vnion which was preordained by the greatest of the Gods. *IOVE* therefore sends downe *MERCURY* to *ALBA*, to acquaint her that he had decreed a Tryumph, which (a farre of) she might behold: Concealing his further Councells, vntill *ALBANACTVS* were subdued to Love and Chastity, by *CVPID* and *DIANA*, who descend, and having conquerd the Conquerer, They shew him the Queene. The King, yeilds, And presents himselfe a Suppliant, to the Goddesse *ALBA*. She embraces him, And makes him Copartner of her Deity.

*The Description of the*  
S C E N E.

The first thing that presented it selfe to the eye, was the Ornament that went about the Scene: in the midst of which, was placed a great Armes of the Kings, with Angels holding an Emperiall Crowne, from which hung a Drapery, of crimson Velvet, fringed with gold, tackt in severall knotts, that on each-side, with many folds, was wound about a Pillaster; in the  
freeze,



freeze, were festones of severall fruites in their naturall colours, on which, in gracious postures lay Children sleeping; at each end was a double sheild, with a Gorgons head, and at the foot of the pillasters, on each side, stood two Women, the one young, in a watchet Robe looking upwards, and on her head, a paire of Compasses of gold, the poynts standing towards Heaven: the other more ancient, and of a venerable aspect, apparelled in tawney, looking downewards; in the one hand a long ruler, and in the other, a great paire of iron Compasses, one poynt whereof, stood on the ground, and the other touched part of the ruler. Above their heads, were fixt, compartments of a new composition, and in that over the first, was written *Theorica*, and over the second *Practica*, shewing that by these two, all works of Architecture, and Ingining have their perfection. The Curtaine being suddenly drawne vp, the first Sceane appeared, which represented a *Romane Atrium*, with high Collombs of white Marble, and ornaments of Architecture of a composed maner of great proiecture, enricht with carving, and betweene every retorne of these Collombs, stood Statues of gold on round pedestalls, and beyond these, were other peeces of Architecture of a Pallace royall.

Over all was a serene skie, out of which a  
 cloude began to breake foorth, and as it dis-  
 cended, a person was discovered, sitting in it, which  
 by his Peraſus and Caduceus, was knowne to be  
*Mercury*, the meſſenger of *Love*.

### The first Song.

*Behold ! I come not from above,  
 To hyde, or hunt out wanton Love,*

*Or doe what Man can doe :*

*But to ſpred all my nimble wings,  
 And like a God, doe Godlike things*

*Gratefull, and Gratiours too.*

*Obſerue ! But ſee ye be not nyce,  
 Prepare to give, and take advice,*

*As wiſe-Men ought to doe :*

*Leſt when your ſubtile witts haue done,  
 Your Notes, like Motes, thought in the Sunne*

*Proove farre beneath vs too.*

*Admyre ! but cenſure not their Powers,  
 That ſinke not with Times ſandy howres,*

*As mortall Creatures doe.*

*And ſince the Shaft that is adreſt,  
 At Heaven may hurt the Shooters breſt,*

*Be pleaſ'd and pleaſe vs too.*

*Orpheus,*

*Orpheus, Amphion, Arion* and three old Poets and Musicians more, rayled by his Charming Rod, reply from Earth.

The first Chorus.

*Happy, thrice happy is that houre  
Wherein a God descends,  
Eyther in person, or in powre  
And Mans poore state befriends.*

*MERCURY* descend to Earth, and attended by *Orpheus*, and the rest walkes vp, and drawing neere the person of the Goddesse *ALBA*, to a soft sweete Musicke that playes behind him. *In voce Recitativa*, he declares the substance of his Commission.

The second Song.

*Olimpian LOVE* to the bright *ALBA* sends  
No vulgar God to beare his deare Commends.  
And with pure eyes, and a paternall hand,  
This Vniverse having survey'd, and span'd,  
In Council with himse!fe, he hath decreed,  
From fayre *ALBIPOLIS* shall soone proceede

*A Triumph: Mighty, as the Man design'd  
 To weare those Bayes; Heroicke, as his mind;  
 Iust, as his actions; Glorious, as his Reigne.  
 And like his Vertues, Infinite in Treyne.  
 Th' Immortall Swannes, contending for his Name,  
 Shall beare it singing, to the House of Fame.  
 And though at distance yet High LOVE is plea'd  
 Your laboring eyes shall with his sight be eas'd  
 This from a God, unto a Goddesse sent,  
 A God Relates, that could use Complement:  
 But when such States, negotiate by such meanes  
 We speake in Acts, and scorne words trifling Scenes.*

Having deliver'd his Embassage *MERCURY*  
 gently retiring, *Orpheus* and his Poetick Quire In-  
 spir'd with Divination sing.

### The second Chorus.

*The Powers Divine make roome, prepare a Seate  
 On the Northside, for ALBANACT the Great,  
 Earth is not fruitlesse: nor ysur numbers full,  
 Ther's One to come will make some Starrs looke dull.*

Arrived at the Scene againe and meaning to  
 recend, *MERCURY* finding some impedi-  
 ment

ment by the way of question adresses himselfe to  
the Company.

The third Song.

MERCURY.

*What mak's me so vnimibly ryfe,  
That did descend so fleete?  
There is no vp-hill in the skyes;  
Clouds stay not feathered feete.*

CHORVS.

*Thy wings are sing'd: and thou canst fly  
'But slowly now, swift MERCURY.  
MERCURY.*

*Some Lady beere, is sure too blame  
That from Loves starry skyes,  
Hath shot some 'Beame, or sent some flame,  
Like Lightning, from her Eyes.*

CHORVS.

*Taxe not the Starrs, with what the Sunne,  
Too neere aproch't (insens't) hath done.*

MERCURY.

*I'll rowle me in Auroras Dew,  
Or lye in Tethis bed;  
Or from coole Iris begge a few,  
Pure Opale shewrs new shed.*

B

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## CHORVS.

*Nor Dew, nor shewers, nor sea can slake  
Thy quenchelesse heate, but Lethes lake.*

When **MERCURY** is Re-assum'd into Heaven. Heere the Scene is changed into the Forum of the City of *Albipolis*, and *Albanactus* triumphing, attended like a Roman Emperor is scene a farre off to passe in pompe.

*Heere, if Triumphe is scene a far of*  
*Triumple* The Scene is turned into an Amphitheater, with people sitting in it, a Patritian and a Plebeian come forth, &c.

*Enter Platonius and Publius.*

*Pub.* Though I have earn'd it with the sweat of my browes in Ianuary, yet I am glad I saw it, for there never was such a sight scene.

*Pla.* What sight *Publius*?

*Pub.* The Triumph.

*Pla.* Whose Tryumph?

*Pub.* The Triumph of **ALBANACTVS**.

*Pla.* Didst thou see it?

*Pub.* See it, yes, and feele it too. Every one there (I can assure you) went not vp on his owne feete.

*Pla.* No, I thinke, some rid.

*Pub.* They did so, for some rid me. Some trode on my toes. Some cryed, some kept it in; for my part, I confest all, for feare I should have beene prest to death.

*Pla.*

*Pla.* Though thy body was pincht, thine eyes were  
feasted.

*Pub.* Were not yours so too?

*Pla.* Yes.

*Pub.* Where stood you?

*Pla.* I stood not,

*Pub.* You had the better friends sir, I pray where  
sate you?

*Pla.* In my studdy.

*Pub.* Is not your studdy backward? with a shop-light in  
it, where one can see nothing but the skye?

*Pla.* I confesse it, what of that?

*Pub.* Why then you saw no Triumph.

*Pla.* But I did, and a true one, thine was but a shew.

*Pub.* If what I saw was but a shew, what you saw was  
but a shadow, or at the most a Vision. For it seemes your  
body kept home, though your spirit walkt.

*Pla.* It did so. And travelled to better purpose then most  
men doe, that goe, and see, and say, but know nothing.

*Pub.* To confute that Hereſie of yours, I have gone, and  
seene, and know, but I will say nothing.

*Pla.* That's impossible; The meate thou hast lately fed  
vpon, is so windy, out it must, thou wilt burst else.

*Pub.* Faith sir, I am very full indeede.

*Pla.* Purge then, and tell thy Doctor all.

*Pub.* ALBANACTVS CÆSAR from his  
sumptuous Pallace, through the high-streets of ALBI-  
POLIS rid Triumphing, on a Chariot, made---

*Pla.* Of wood, perhaps guilt, perhaps gold. But I will  
save you all those charges, if you will goe on to the Per-  
sons, and let the Pagents alone.

*Pub.* Sir I saw him not as he was borne, naked, but since  
you affect such brevity, I saw the King and a great deale  
more, and so I turn'd my backe, and went away.

*Pla.* Nay good *Publius*, now thou art too brieſe.

*Pub.* When you beginne to tell your dreames, I'll not iogge you, till you wake of your ſelfe.

*Pla.* Nay prethee be not angry.

*Pub.* I am not angry, but a little ſhort-winded vpon occaſion. Yet to give you ſome ſatiſfaction becauſe you have done me wrong. Before CÆSAR March't Captiue Kings, with their hands bound. And Ladies, with their Armes acroſſe, furious wild Beaſts, great Giants, and little Dwarfes with Liſtors, and Piſtors, and a number of Priests that were as you would haue them, In their ſhirts. Theſe with certaine Princes that were behind him: made vꝑ a Triumph too great to come out of any mortall mans mouth.

*Pla.* That's moſt certaine.

*Pub.* I meane in words. But as you hunt me you would hunt a Hare off her leggs.

*Pla.* I confeſſe thou haſt made more haſte, then good ſpeede: But for a ſupplement to thy lame Story, Know, I haue ſeene this brave ALBANACTVS CÆSAR, ſeene him with the eyes of vnderſtanding, vew'd all his Actions; look't into his Mind: which I finde armed with ſo many morall vertues that he dayly Conquers a world of Vices, which are wild Beaſts indeede.

For example Ambition, is a Lyon; Cruelty, a Beare; Avarice, a Wolfe. Yet He ſubdues them all. To be ſhort, no Vyce is ſo ſmall, to ſcape him: Nor ſo great, but he overcomes it: And in that faſhion he Triumphes over all the Kings, and Queenes that went before him. All his Paſſions, are his true Subiects: And Knowledge, Iudgment, Merit, Bounty and the like, are fit Commanders, for ſuch a Generall, Theſe Triumph with him, And theſe are the Princes you ſaw about him. And this *Publius*, is more then you can finde in the ſtreete.



*Pub.* I graunt it, But yet graunt me one Request deare  
*Platoniscus?*

*Pla.* What's that?

*Pub.* Goe but with me to the Amphitheater.

*Pla.* To Gaze.

*Pub.* Yes.

*Pla.* Why beforehand I know there will be *Gladiators*,  
*Saltators*, and fights to please the People. Wert not thou  
better stay here, and see CÆSAR present himselfe to this  
sayre Goddesse, seeking sweete rest, after all his labors.

*Pub.* I should sleepe at such a fight.

*Pla.* Then after a Play, thou art all for a Pryze.

*Pub.* All together, and so (I hope) are you.

*Pla.* At this time, I am. For I will goe with thee, if it be  
but to teach thee to Reade in thy owne Booke. Outfides,  
have Infides, Shells, have Kernells in them. And vnder  
every Fable, nay (almost) vnder every thing, lyes a  
Morrall.

What art thou doing *Publius*.

*Publius stumbles at a stone,*  
*and stoops to take it up.*

*Pub.* Lifting vp the stone I stumbled at.

*Pla.* To what ende?

*Pub.* To see what lyes vnder it.

*Pla.* What should lye vnder a stone, but a Worme, or a  
Hoglouse.

*Pub.* If there lye not a Morall vnder it, then have you  
taught me false Doctrine.

*Pla.* Such thanks have they that teach such Schol-  
lers. Come away Foole, they beginne to throng to the  
Theater.

Such kind of pastimes as Victorious Emperors were  
wont to present as spectacles to the People, are heere pro-  
duced for Anti-Maskes vpon the stage.

## The Anti-Maskes Enter.

First, Fooles	_____	6
Secondly,	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Saltators</div> <div>or</div> <div>Tumblers.</div> <div>}</div> </div>	_____ 7
Thirdly,	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Pugils</div> <div>or</div> <div>Buffeters</div> <div>}</div> </div>	_____ 3
Fourthly,	Satyrs like Dancers	_____ 2
Fiftly,	One Giant, and Pigmies	_____ 5
Sixtly,	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Gladiators</div> <div>or</div> <div>Fencers</div> <div>}</div> </div>	_____ 4
Seventhly,	<div> <div>{</div> <div>Mimicks</div> <div>or</div> <div>Moreſcoes</div> <div>}</div> </div>	_____ 7

This Enterlude being past, *CVPID* emulating the glory of an Invict Conquerer, descends; Invokes *DIANA*: And invites her to set upon these yet unconquer'd Conquerers. She appears in her Chariot, and he in a Cloud.

*The Description of the Maskers and the Place.*

The Scene is changed into a pleasant Grove of straight Trees, which rising by degrees to a high place, openeth it selfe to discover the aspect of a stately Temple; All which, was sacred to *IOVE*; In this groue, satt the Emperour *ALBANACTVS*, attended by fourteene Consuls, who

who stood about him, not set in ranks, but in severall gracious postures, attending his commands: his habite, like a Romane Emperour in a Curase of yellow Sattin embrodered with siluer, his gorget clincant, cut round, and on his breast an Angels head imboist of gold, the Labells of the sleeues, and short Bases of watchet embrodered with the same, the vnder sleeues, and long stockings of white, on his head a Burgonet richly enchaft with siluer, turn'd vp before in a scrowle, with an artificiall wreath of Lawrell, out of which, sprang rayes like a piked Crowne, the habite of the Consuls were after the same manner, excepting the rayes of gold, issuing from his Lawrell wreath.

The Dialogue betweene CVPID and  
DIANA.

CVPID.

*Sit not secure, nor thinke in ease  
Still vndispleas'd, your selues to please:  
Diana, Chast Diana stoope,  
And helpe to wound this warlike troope!*

DIANA.

*Wants Love a Bowe, or shaft of mine?  
This suit will make my Crescent shine.*

CVPID.

## CUPID.

*Love is grown wise, and meanes to bring  
To his smart Bowe, a double string.  
Behold our Marke? taks't thou not pride  
In such a Glory to deuide?*

## DIANA.

*I doe, I doe, since I am sure,  
When we two ioyne, our flames are pure.*

## CUPID and DIANA.

*As pure, and Cleere, as ALBAS skin,  
As her faire Fame, or thoughts within:  
Pure as my selfe; nay pure like Thee,  
Now Love is that which Love should be.*

*They come vpon the Scene, and the Clowde  
and Charriot goe vp.*

## The Chorus below sing.

*Bow-bearing Gods, shoote, shoote, and hit,  
And make our CAESAR greater yet:  
Yet leave him with vs, Let him shine  
Still beere; And make him all Devine*

Cupid

*Cupid and Diana* shoot at the Maskers and **ALBANACTVS** yeilding to the Gods, mooves downe the steps in a stately pace to Musick made by the *Chorus* of Sacrificers, that sing as the Maskers descend.

The fourth Song.

*Ye Worthies of this Ile,*  
*That led by your brave Chiefe,*  
*In an Heroick style,*  
*Have over done Beliefe:*  
*Subdu'd by ALBAS eyes*  
*Come downe, Loves Sacrifice!*

*It is no shame to yeild,*  
*Where t'is in weyne to strive:*  
*The Gods would quit the field,*  
*Should they these warres revive*  
*Or Conquerd, by her Eyes,*  
*Come downe Loves Sacrifice.*

*Streight Cedar, that hast stood,*  
*The shock of many a wind:*  
*The top of this Tall wood,*  
*By a high hand design'd*  
*Subdu'd by ALBAS Eyes,*  
*Come downe Loves Sacrifice!*

When the Maskers are all come downe the steps, the High Priests and Sacrificers, treading a  
 C grave

grave Measure walke vp toward the Queene  
singing.

The fift Song.

Great ALBA though ecbe Grande beere,  
At this High Court of thine,  
Like a true Liege Man doth appeere,  
And offers at thy Shryne:  
It is no Conquest for thine Eyes,  
When petty-Princes fall,  
That are some single Beauties pryse,  
Or a lone-Vertues Thrall:  
Heere comes the Trophe of thy prayse,  
The Monarch of these Iles,  
The Mirror of thy Cheerefull Rayes,  
And Glory of thy Smyles:  
The Vertues and the Graces all,  
Must meete in one, when such Starrs fall.

The KING and the Maskers  
dance the mayne Maske.

Afterward taking his seat by the Queene. The  
Scene is varied into a Landscipt, in which  
was a prospect of the Kings Pallace of White-  
hall, and part of the Citie of London, scene a  
farre off, and presently the whole heauen opened,  
and

and in a bright cloud were seene sitting five persons, reprelenting *Innocency*, *Iustice*, *Religion*, *Affection* to the Countrey, & *Concord*, being all Companions of *Peace*, and thus attired. *Innocency*, a woman in a pure white robe, with a garland of flowers on her head: *Iustice*, a woman in a yallow garment richly adorned, her mantle white, and on her head golden rayes, in her right hand a sword, and in the middest thereof an Emperiall Crowne: *Religion*, a woman in a short Surplisse of lawne full gathered about the neck, and vnder it a garment of watchet, with a short vale of siluer, and about her head, beames of gold like the Sunne, and in her left hand, shee held a booke open: *Affection* to the Countrey, a young man in a Coat armour of yallow with a purple Mantle, his buskins adorned, his plumed Helme of siluer, and in his hand a Garland of long grasse: *Concord*, a man in a skie coloured Robe, and a yallow Mantle; on his head a Garland of wheate, and in his hand a bunch of arrowes tyed together with a white band, these moving towards the earth sing together as followeth. <sup>who</sup> Praying ~~their~~ *Piery*, and wishing they may perpetuate them- <sup>and</sup> *Ielues* by a Royall Posterity, Present them with severall Gifts.

The sixth Song sung by the five  
DEITIES.

Bles't Payre whose prayers like Incence rise,  
Opening, and pulling downe the Skies.  
Take your Reward! Iust as yce mett,  
So hand in hand live many a Day,  
And may your Vertuous minds beget  
Issue that never shall decay,  
And so be fruitfull every way.  
May Plenty Proteus-like appeare,  
Varying your Pleasures every yeare.  
Wee five come freely to impart,  
Such favors as we can afforde:  
One gives his <sup>a</sup> Hand, the next his <sup>b</sup> Heart,  
The third her <sup>c</sup> Robe, the fourth her <sup>d</sup> Sword,  
The fifth full many a <sup>e</sup> Suppliant Word.  
And to fulfill your future Blisse,  
Sweete Peace salutes you with a Kisse.

Then from the vpper part of the heauen, was  
seene to follow this: Another more beautifull  
cloud, in which alone triumphant sat Peace, a wo-  
man in a carnation Robe richly adorned, a vail of  
silver, and on it a Garland of Olive, and in her  
hand a branch of Palme, Proclaiming her large Be-  
nefits, And the Worlds Ingratitude.

The



## The seventh Song.

*Frighted by Day ; And in the Night diseas'd,  
I fled to Heaven, and left the World displeas'd.  
Fond Men that strive more for a Province there,  
Then looking upward to possesse a Sphere.  
Yet Vanquish't and Victorious, both at last,  
Their weary Limmes, on my soft Bed would cast.*

The Five in the lower Clowde confessing her  
great Bounty, Answer.

### The Five.

Two 2 Lyons, and Lambs together lye,  
When Lovly Peace stands smiling by

Two 2 Temples and Townes by thy stay'd hand,  
First learne to Rise, And then to Stand.

All 5 'Tis not the Laurel Tree that brings,  
Annoiting Oyle for sacred Kings :  
Those Princes see the happiest Dayes,  
Whose Olive Branches stand for Bayes.

When the five persons which first descended  
were come to the earth, the cloud that bare them,  
was in an instant turned into a richly adorned  
Throne. And out of the foure corners of the

Scene proceede 4. Gods, Neptune, Plutus, Bellona,  
and Cebele, complaining of ease and Plenty

### The eighth Song.

Armes are layd by: Earely and late,  
The Traueller goes safe to Bed:  
Men eate and Drinke in Masse Plate,  
And are with Deinties dayly fed.  
Why should this Ile above the rest,  
'Be made (great Gods) the Halcions nest?

The 5. Deities thus resolute them.  
Imperious Peace her selfe Descends  
The foure Gods.  
Then here our search, and wonder ends,  
Wee'l steale away

Peace.

Earths Rulers, stay!

The foure Gods.

Doth soft Peace call?

Peace.

Yes: and will streight employ yee All.

The foure Gods

How, and wherein?

The 5. in the lower Clowde.  
Give eare, your Charge doth now begin.

Peace

*Peace gives them their Charge.*

*N*ptune to Sea, And let no Sayle,  
*M*eete ALBIONS Fleete, But make it Weile.  
*B*ellona Arme, That Foes may see,  
*T*heir Lillies kept by Lyons be.  
*T*heir fruitfull fields (Cebele) make  
*P*ay Centuple for all they take.  
*A*nd let Both Indies (Pluto) meete,  
*A*nd lay their wealth at ALBAS feete.

*The foure Gods reply*  
*When Peace commands such pleasing things,*  
*From Love and Time wee'l steale their wings.*

*For a Conclusion, the Gods, Poets, and Priests*  
*ioyne, and sing a Valediction to Hymens Twin the*  
*MARY-CHARLES.*

*The last generall Chorus.*

*Loaden with Wealth and Honor may,*  
*These Gods returne to crowne this Day,*  
*And MARY-CHARLES whose mindes within,*  
*And Bodies make but Hymens Twin,*  
*Long live they so, And Brest, to Brest,*  
*May Angels sing them to their Rest.*

*Those*

Those that will prayse the structure and changes of the Scene. The sweetenesse and variety of the Musicke. Or the Beauty of the Figures, and Paces, I thinke may doe it with cause enough.

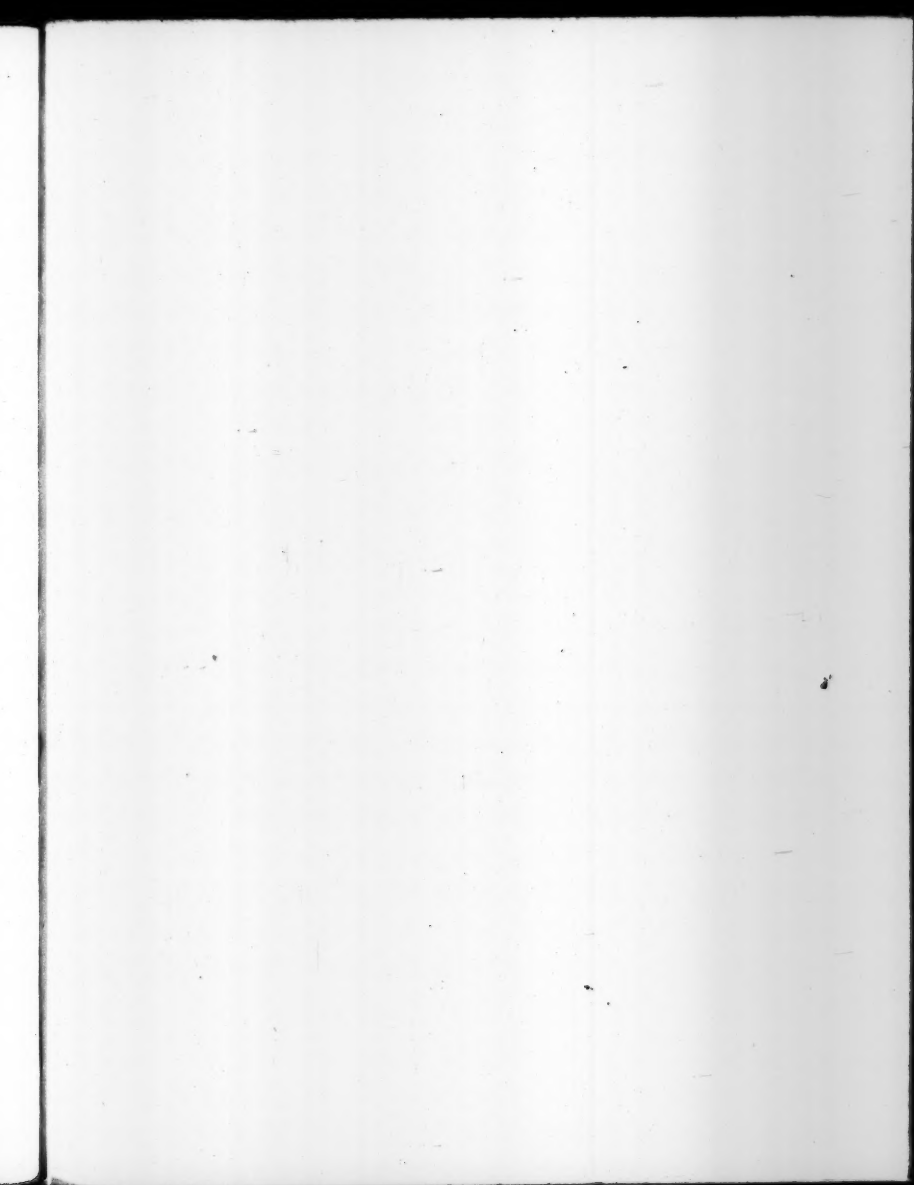
But for the Invention and writing of the Maske, I was as loath to be brought vpon the Stage as an vnhanfom Man is to see himselfe in a great Glasse. But my Excuse, and Glory is, The King commanded, and I obeyed.

*The Maskers Names.*

*The KING*

1 <i>E. Holland</i>	8 <i>Sr. Rob. Stanley</i>
2 <i>E. Newport</i>	9 <i>Mr. Goringe.</i>
3 <i>Lo. Doncaster</i>	10 <i>Sr. Wil: Brooke</i>
4 <i>L. Donluce</i>	11 <i>Sr. Iohn Mainard</i>
5 <i>L. Wharton</i>	12 <i>Mr. Dimmock</i>
6 <i>L. Paget</i>	13 <i>Mr. Abercromy</i>
7 <i>L. Bruce</i>	14 <i>Mr. Murrey</i>

FINIS.





LONDON.

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979

TRIVMPH. C. 100



MVSEVM  
BRITAN  
NICVM

BRITISH MUSEUM  
SALE DUPLICATE  
I 7 8 7

Printed by Messrs. J. & W. Smith, Stationers, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



# ALBIONS TRIUMPH.



He King and Queenes Maieſty  
 having ſignified their pleaſure  
 to haue a new Maſke this  
 New yeare, Maſter Inigo Iones  
 and I were employed in the In-  
 uention. And we agreed the  
 ſubieſt of it ſhould be a Triumphe in *ALBI-  
 POLIS* the chiefe City of *ALBION*. The  
 Triumphe, *ALBANACTVS*, And *ALBA*  
 this Ilands Goddeſſe. Names not improper,  
 eyther for the Place, or for the Perſons: *ALBION*  
 being (as it once was) taken for *England*, *AL-  
 BANACTVS*, for the King, *Quaſi in Albani-  
 natus*: Borne in Scotland. And *ALBA*, for the  
 Queene whoſe native Beauties haue a great affi-  
 nity with all Purity and Whitenefſe. The Kings

31m. 4. m. 12



devoting himselfe to this Goddesse, is but the seeking of that happy Vnion which was preordayned by the greatest of the Gods. *IOVE* therefore sends downe *MERCURY* to *ALBA*, to acquaint her that he had decreed a Triumph, which (a farre of) she might behold: Concealing his further Councells, vntill *ALBANACTVS* were subdued to Love and Chastity, by *CYPID* and *DIANA*, who descend, and having conquerd the Conquerer, They shew him the Queene. The King, yeilds, And presents himselfe a Suppliant, to the Goddesse *ALBA*. She embraces him, And makes him Copartner of her Deity.

*The Description of the*  
SCENE.

The first thing that presented it selfe to the eye, was the Ornament that went about the Scene: in the midst of which, was placed a great Armes of the Kings, with Angels holding an Emperiall Crowne, from which hung a Drapery, of crimson Velvet, fringed with gold, tackt in severall knotts, that on each-side, with many folds, was wound about a Pillaster; in the freeze,

fect, were feshones of severall fruites in their nat-  
 turall colours, on which, in gracious postures lay  
 Children sleeping; at each end was a double  
 sheild, with a Gorgons head, and at the foot of  
 the pillasters, on each side, stood two Women,  
 the one young, in a watchet Robe looking vp-  
 wards, and on her head, a paire of Compasles of  
 gold, the poynts standing towards Heaven: the  
 other more ancient, and of a venerable aspect, ap-  
 parreled in tawney, looking downewards; in the  
 one hand a long ruler, and in the other, a great  
 paire of iron Compasles, one poynt whereof  
 stood on the ground, and the other touched part  
 of the ruler. Above their heads, were fixt, comper-  
 timents of a new composition, and in that over  
 the first, was written *Theorica*, and over the second  
*Practica*, shewing that by these two, all works  
 of Architecture, and Ingining have their perfe-  
 ction. The Curtaine being suddenly drawne vp,  
 the first Sceane appeared, which represented a  
*Romane Atrium*, with high Collombs of white  
 Marble, and ornaments of Architecture of a com-  
 posed maner of great prolecture, enricht with car-  
 ving, and betweene every retorne of these Col-  
 lombes, stood Statues of gold on round pedestalls,  
 and beyond these, were other peeces of Archi-  
 tecture of a Pallace royall.

Over all was a serene skie; out of which a  
 cloude began to breake forth, and as it dissen-  
 ded, a person was discovered, sitting in it, which  
 by his Peiasus and Cadmoes, was knowne to be  
 Mercury, the messenger of Iov.

### The first Song.

Behold! I come not from above,  
 To hyde, or hunt out Wanton Love,  
 Or doe what Man can doe:

But to spread all my nimble wings,  
 And like a God, doe Godlike things

Gratefull, and Gracious too.

Obserue! But see ye be not nyce,

Prepare to give, and take aduice,

As wise-Men ought to doe:

Left when your subtile witts haue done,

Your Notes, like Motes, thought in the Swine

Prooue farre beneath vs too.

Admyre! but censure not their Powers;

That sinke not with Times sandy howres,

As mortall Creatures doe.

And since the Shaft that is adrest,

At Heauen may hurt the Shooters breast,

Be pleas'd and please vs too.

Orpheus,

*Orpheus, Amphion, Arion and three old Poets and  
Musicians more, rayled by his Charming Rod,  
reply from Earth.*

*The first Chorus.*

*Happy, thrice happy is that houre*

*Wherein a God descends,*

*Eyther in person, or in powre*

*And Mans poore state befriends.*

*MERCURY descends to Earth, and atten-  
ded by Orpheus, and the rest walks vp, and draw-  
ing neere the person of the Goddesse ALBA,  
to a soft sweete Musicke that playes behind him.  
In voce Recitativa, he declares the substance of his  
Commilision.*

*The second Song.*

*Olympian IOVE to the bright ALBA sends  
No vulgar God to beare his deare Commends.  
And with pure eyes, and a paternall hand,  
This Vniverse having survey'd, and span'd,  
In Councell with himselfe, be hath decreed,  
From fayre ALBITOLIS shall soone proceed.*

*A Triumph: Mighty, as the Man design'd  
 To wear those Bayes; Heroicke, as his mind;  
 Just, as his actions; Glorious, as his Reigne.  
 And like his Vertues, Infinite in Trene.  
 Th' Immortall Swannes, contending for his Name,  
 Shall beare it singing, to the House of Fame.  
 And though at distance yet High I O V E is pleas'd  
 Your laboring eyes shall with his sight be eas'd  
 This from a God, unto a Goddesse sent,  
 A God Relates, that could use Complement:  
 But when such States, negotiate by such meanes  
 We speake in Acts, and scorne words trifling Scenes.*

*Having deliver'd his Embassage MERCKURY  
 gently retiring, Orpheus and his Poetick Quire In-  
 spir'd with Divination sing.*

### The second Chorus.

*Ye Powers Divine make room, prepare a Seate  
 On the Northside, for ALBANACT the Great;  
 Earth is not fruitlesse: nor your numbers full,  
 Ther's One to come will make some Starrs looke dull.*

*Arrived at the Scene againe and meaning to  
 reascend, MERCKURY finding some impedi-  
 ment.*

(77)  
ment by the way of question addresses himselfe to  
the Company.

The third Song.

**MERCURY.**

What mak's me so wimblely rise,

That did descend so fleetly?

There is no vp-hill in the skyes;

Clouds stay not feathered feete.

**CHORVS.**

Thy wings are sing'd: and thou canst fly

But slowly now, swift **MERCURY.**

**MERCURY.**

Some Lady beere, is sure too blame

That from Loves starry skyes,

Hath shot some Beame, or sent some flame,

Like Lightning, from ber Eyes.

**CHORVS.**

Taxe not the Starrs, with what the Sunne,

Too neere aproch't (insens't) hath done.

**MERCURY.**

I'll rowle me in Auroras Dew,

Or lye in Tethis bed;

Or from coole Iris begge a few,

Pure Opale shewrs new shed.

B

CHO



**CHORVS** *up to yew and yew*  
*Nor Dew, nor shewers, nor sea can slake*  
*Tby quenchelesse heate, but Lethes lake.*

When **MERCURY** is Re-assum'd into Heaven. Heere the ~~Scene~~ *Scene* is changed into the Forum of the City of *Albipolis*, and *Albanactus* triumphing, attended like a Roman Emperor is scene a farre off to passe in pompe,

The Scene is turned into an Amphitheater, with people sitting in it, a Patrician and a Plebeian come forth, &c.

*Enter Platonius and Publius.*

**Pub.** Though I have earn'd it with the sweat of my browes in Ianuary, yet I am glad I saw it, for there never was such a sight scene.

**Pla.** What sight *Publius*?

**Pub.** The Triumph.

**Pla.** Whose Tryumph?

**Pub.** The Triumph of **ALBANACTVS**.

**Pla.** Didst thou see it?

**Pub.** See it, yes, and feele it too. Every one there (I can assure you) went not vpon his owne feete.

**Pla.** No, I thinke, some rid.

**Pub.** They did so; for some rid me. Some trode on my toes. Some cryed, some kept it in; for my part, I confest all, for feare I should have beene prest to death.

*Pla.*

*Pla.* Though thy body was pincht, thine eyes were  
 feasted.

*Pub.* Were not yours so too?

*Pla.* Yes,

*Pub.* Where stood you?

*Pla.* I stood not,

*Pub.* You had the better friends sir, I pray where  
 fate you?

*Pla.* In my studdy.

*Pub.* Is not your studdy backward? with a shop-light in  
 it, where one can see nothing but the skye?

*Pla.* I confesse it, what of that?

*Pub.* Why then you saw no Triumph.

*Pla.* But I did, and a true one, thine was but a shew.

*Pub.* If what I saw was but a shew, what you saw was  
 but a shadow, or at the most a Vision. For it seemes your  
 body kept home, though your spirit walkt.

*Pla.* It did so, And travelled to better purpose then most  
 men doe, that goe, and see, and say, but know nothing.

*Pub.* To confute that Heresie of yours, I have gone, and  
 seene, and know, but I will say nothing.

*Pla.* That's impossible; The meate thou hast lately fed  
 vpon, is so windy, out it must, thou wilt burst else.

*Pub.* Faith sir, I am very full indeede.

*Pla.* Purge then, and tell thy Doctor all.

*Pub.* ALBANACTVS CÆSAR from his  
 sumptuous Pallace, through the high-streets of ALBI-  
 POLIS did Triumphing on a Chariot, made ---

*Pla.* Of wood, perhaps guilt, perhaps gold. But I will  
 save you all those charges, if you will goe on to the Per-  
 sons, and let the Pagents alone.

*Pub.* Sir I saw him not as he was borne, naked, but since  
 you affect such brevity, I saw the King, and a great deale  
 more, and so I turn'd my backe, and went away.



*Pla.* Nay good *Publius*, now thou art too briefe.

*Pub.* When you beginne to tell your dreames, ~~He~~ *He* nor iogge you, till you wake of your selfe.

*Pla.* May prethee be not angry.

*Pub.* I am not angry, but a little short-winded vpon occasion. Yet to give you some satisfaction because you have done me wrong. Before *CÆSAR* March't Captive Kings, with their hands bound. And Ladies, with their Armes acrosse, furious wild Beasts, great Giants, and little Dwarfes with Lictors, and Pictors, and a number of Priests that were as you would have them. In their shirts. These with certaine Princes that were behind him: made vp a Triumph too great to come out of any mortall mans mouth.

*Pla.* That's most certaine.

*Pub.* I meane in words. But as you hunt me you would hunt a Hare off her leggs.

*Pla.* I confesse thou hast made more haste, then good speede: But for a supplement to thy lame Story, Know, I have seene this brave *ALBANACTVS CÆSAR*, seene him with the eyes of vnderstanding, vew'd all his Actions; look't into his Mind: which I finde armed with so many morall vertues that he dayly Conquers a world of Vices, which are wild Beasts indeede.

For example Ambition, is a Lyon; Cruelty, a Beare; Avarice, a Wolfe. Yet He subdues them all. To be short, no Vyce is so small, to scape him: Nor so great, but he overcomes it: And in that fashion he Triumphes over all the Kings, and Queenes that went before him. All his Passions, are his true Subiects: And Knowledge, Iudgment, Merit, Bounty and the like, are fit Commanders, for such a Generall. These Triumph with him. And these are the Princes you saw about him. And this *Publius*, is more then you can finde in the streete.

*Pub.* I graunt it. But yet graunt me one Request deare *Platoniscus*?

*Pla.* What's that?

*Pub.* Goe but with me to the Amphitheater.

*Pla.* To Gaze.

*Pub.* Yes.

*Pla.* Why beforehand I know there will be *Gladiators*, *Saltators*, and fights to please the People. Wert not thou better stay here, and see *CÆSAR* present himselfe to this fayre Goddess, seeking sweete rest, after all his labors.

*Pub.* I should sleepe at such a sight.

*Pla.* Then after a Play, thou art all for a Pryze.

*Pub.* All together, and so (I hope) are you.

*Pla.* At this time, I am. For I will goe with thee, if it be but to teach thee to Reade in thy owne Booke. Outsidcs, have Infides, Shells, have Kernells in them. And vnder every Fable, nay (almost) vnder every thing, lyes a Morall.

*Publius stumbles at a stone, and stoops to take it up.*

*Pub.* Lifting vp the stone I stumbled at.

*Pla.* To what end?

*Pub.* To see what lyes vnder it.

*Pla.* What should lye vnder a stone, but a Worme, or a Hoglouse.

*Pub.* If there lye not a Morall vnder it, then have you taught me false Doctrine.

*Pla.* Such thanks have they that teach such Scholars. Come away Foole, they beginne to throng to the Theater.

Such kind of pastimes as Victorious Emperors were wont to present as spectacles to the People, are heere produced for Ami-Maskes vpon the stage.

## The Anti-Maskes Enter.

First, *Fooles*{ *Saltators*

Secondly,

or

{ *Tumblers.*

Thirdly,

{ *Ringiti*

or

{ *Buffeters*Fourthly, *Satyrs like Dancers*Fifthly, *One Giant, and Pigmies*

Sixthly,

{ *Gladiators*

or

{ *Fencers*

Seventhly,

{ *Mimicks*

or

{ *Morescoes*

This Enterlude being past, *CYPID* emulating the glory of an Invict Conquerer, descends; Invokes *DIANA*: And invites her to set upon these yet unconquer'd Conquerers. She appears in her Chariot, and he in a Cloud.

The Description of the Maskers and the  
Place.

The Scene is changed into a pleasant Grove of straight Trees, which rising by degrees to a high place, openeth it selfe to discover the aspect of a stately Temple; All which, was sacred to *IOVE*; In this grouce, satt the Emperour *ALBA*. *NACTVS*, attended by fourteene Consuls,

who stood about him, not set in ranks, but in severall gracious postures, attending his commands: his habite, like a Romane Emperour in a Curase of yellow Satin embrodered with silver, his gorget clinant, out round, and on his breast an Angels head imboss of gold, the Labells of the sleeves, and short Bases of watchet embrodered with the same, the vnder sleeves, and long stockings of white, on his head a Burgonet richly enchast with silver, turn'd vp before in a scrowle, with an artificiall wreath of Lawrell, out of which, sprang rayes like a piked Crowne, the habite of the Consuls were after the same manner, excepting the rayes of gold, issuing from his Lawrell wreath.

The Dialogue betweene Cypid and  
DIANA.

CYPID.

*Sit not secure, nor thinke in ease  
Still vndispleas'd, your selues to please:  
Diana, Chast Diana stoope,  
And helpe to wound this warlike troope!*

DIANA.

*Wants Love a Bowe, or shaft of mine?  
This suit will make my Crescent shine.*

CYPID.

CYPRID.

Love is grown wise, and meastes to bring

To his smart Bowe, a double string.

Behold our Marke & take'st thou not pride

In such a Glory to devide?

DIANA.

I doe, I doe, since I am sure,

When we two ioyne, our flames are pure.

CYPRID and DIANA.

As pure, and Cleere, as ALBAS skin;

As her faire Fame, or thoughts within:

Pure as my selfe; nay pure like Thee,

Now Love is that which Love should be.

They come vpon the Scene, and the Clowde  
and Charriot goe vp.

The Chorus below sing.

Bow-bearing Gods, shoote, shoote, and hit,

And make our CAESAR greater yet:

Yet leave him with vs, Let him shine

Still beere; And make him all Devine

Cupid

(15)  
Cupid and Diana shoot at the Maskers, and AL-  
BANACTVS yeilding to the Gods, mooves  
downe the steps in a stately pace to Musick made  
by the Chorus of Sacrificers, that sing as the Mas-  
kers descend.

The fourth Song.

Ye Worthies of this Ile,  
That led by your brave Chiefe,  
In an Heroick style,

Have over done Beliefe:

Subdu'd by ALBAS eyes

Come downe, Loves Sacrifice!

It is no shame to yeild,

Where t'is in weyne to strive:

The Gods would quit the field,

Should they these warres revive

Or Conquerd, by her Eyes,

Come downe Loves Sacrifice.

Streight Cedar, that hast stood,

The shock of many a wind:

The top of this Tall wood,

By a high hand design'd

Subdu'd by ALBAS Eyes,

Come downe Loves Sacrifice!

When the Maskers are all come downe the  
steps, the High Priests and Sacrificers, treading a



grave Measure walke vp toward the Queene  
singing.

**The fift Song.**

Great ALBA though ecbe Grande heere,

At this High Court of thin,

Like a true Liege Man doth appeere,

And offers at thy Shryne:

It is no Conquest for thine Eyes,

When petty-Princes fall,

That are some single Beauties pryse,

Or a lone-Vertues Thrall:

Heere comes the Trophe of thy prayse,

The Monarch of these Iles,

The Mirror of thy Cheerefull Rayes,

And Glory of thy Smyles:

The Vertues and the Graces all,

Must meete in one, when such Starrs fall.

**The KING and the Maskers**

dance the mayne Maske.

Afterward taking his seat by the Queene, pray-  
sing their Piety, and wishing they may perpetu-  
ate themselves by a Royall Posterity, Present them  
with severall Guifts.

The Scene is varied into a Landscipt, in  
which

which, was a prospect of the Kings Pallace of Whitehall, and part of the Citie of London, scene a farre off, and presently the whole heauen opened, and in a bright cloud were scene sitting five persons, representing *Immocency*, *Iustice*, *Religion*, *Affection* to the Countrey, & *Concord*, being all Companions of *Peace*, and thus attired. *Immocency*, a woman in a pure white robe, with a garland of flowers on her head: *Iustice*, a woman in a yallow garment richly adorned, her mantle white, and on her head golden rayes, in her right hand a sword, and in the middest thereof an Emperiall Crowne: *Religion*, a woman in a short Surplisse of lawne full gathered about the neck, and vnder it a garment of watchet, with a short vaine of siluer, and about her head, beames of gold like the Sunne, and in her left hand, shee held a booke open: *Affection* to the Countrey, a young man in a Coat armour of yallow, with a purple Mantle, his buskins adorned, his plumed Helme of siluer, and in his hand a Garland of long grasse: *Concord*, a man in a skie coloured Robe, and a yallow Mantle; on his head a Garland of wheate, and in his hand a bunch of arrowes tyed together with a white band, these moving towards the earth sing together as followeth.



## The sixth Song sung by the five

DEITIES.

Bles't Payre whose prayers like Incence rise,  
 Opening, and pulling downe the Skies  
 Take your Reward! lust as yce melt,  
 So hand in hand live many a Day,  
 And may your Vertuous minds beget  
 Issue that never shall decay,  
 And so be fruitfull every way.  
 May Plenty Proteus-like appeare,  
 Varying your Pleasures every yeare.  
 Wee five come freely to impart,  
 Such favors as we can afforde:  
 One gives his<sup>a</sup> Hand, the next his<sup>b</sup> Heart,  
 The third her<sup>c</sup> Robe, the fourth her<sup>d</sup> Sword,  
 The fifth full many a<sup>e</sup> Suppliant Word.  
 And to fulfill your future Blisse,  
 Sweete Peace salutes you with a Kisse.

Then from the vpper part of the heauen, was  
 scene to follow this: Another more beautifull  
 cloud, in which alone triumphant sat Peace, a wo-  
 man in a carnation Robe richly adorned, a vail of  
 silver, and on it a Garland of Olive, and in her  
 hand a branch of Palme, Proclaiming her large Be-  
 nefits, And the Worlds Ingratitude.

The

## The seventh Song

Frighted by Day, And in the Night diseas'd,  
I fled to Heaven, and left the World displeas'd.  
Fond Men that strive more for a Province there,  
Then looking upward to possess a Sphere;  
Yet vanquish'd and Victorious, both at last,  
Their weary Limmes, on my soft Bed would cast.

The Five in the lower Clowde confessing her  
great Bounty, Answer.

### The Five.

Two 2 Lyons, and Lambs together he,  
When Lovly Peace stands smiling by

Two 2 Temples and Townes by thy stay'd hand,  
First learne to Rise, And then to Stand.

All 5 'Tis not the Laurel Tree that brings,  
Annoiting Oyle for sacred Kings:  
Those Princes see the happiest Dayes,  
Whose Olive Branches stand for Bayes.

When the five persons which first descended  
were come to the earth, the cloud that bare them,  
was in an instant turned into a richly adorned  
Throne. And out of the four corners of the

Scene proceede 4 Gods, Neptune, Plutus, Bellona,  
and Cebele, complaining of ease and Plenty

## The eighth Song.

Armes are layd by: Barely and late,

The Traveller goes safe to Bed:

Men eat and Drinke in Masse Plate,

And are with Drinckes dayly fed.

Why should this Ile abuse the rest,

Be made (great Gods) the Halcions nest?

The 5. Deities thus resolute them.

Imperious Peace her selfe Descends

The four Gods.

Then here our search, and wonder ends,

Wee't steale away

Peace.

Earths Rulers, stay!

The four Gods.

Doth soft Peace call?

Peace.

Yes: and will streight employ yee All.

The four Gods

How, and wherein?

The 5. in the lower Clowde.

Go care, your Charge doth now begin.

Peace

(11)  
Peace gives them their Charge,  
No point to Sea, and let us Sigh,  
Messe ALBIONS Flette, But make it well.  
Bellona Arme, That Poets may see,  
Their Lillies kept by Lyons be,  
Their fruitfull fields (Cecile) make  
Pay Centuple for all they take.  
And let Both Indies (Pluto) mette,  
And lay their wealth at ALBAS fete.

The foure Gods reply  
When Peace commands such pleasing things,  
From Love and Time wee'le steale their wings.

For a Conclusion, the Gods, Poets, and Priests  
ioyne, and sing a Valediction to Hymens Twin the  
MARY-CHARLES.

The last generall Chorus.

Loaden with Wealth and Honor may,  
These Gods returne to crowne this Day,  
And MARY-CHARLES whose mindes within,  
And Bodies make but Hymens Twin,  
Long live they so, And Brest, to Brest,  
May Angels sing them to their Rest.

Those

Those that will pray in the Amateurs and changes of the Scene. The Sweetness and variety of the Musick. Or the Beauty of the Figures and Paces, I thinke may doe it with cause enough.

But for the Invention and writing of the Maske, I was as loath to be brought vpon the Stage as an vnbanfom Man is to see himselfe in a great Glasse. But my Excuse, and Glory is, The King commanded, and I obeyed.

*By the Author of the Maske*

### The Maskers Names.

#### The KING

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1 E. Holland    | 8 S. Rob. Stanley  |
| 2 E. Newport    | 9 Mr. Goringe.     |
| 3 Lo. Doncaster | 10 S. Wil. Brooke  |
| 4 L. Donluce    | 11 S. John Mainard |
| 5 L. Wharton    | 12 Mr. Dimmock     |
| 6 L. Paget      | 13 Mr. Abexoromy   |
| 7 L. Bruce      | 14 Mr. Murrey      |

FINIS.

